

P O E M S

B Y

T H O M A S G R A Y.



D U B L I N :

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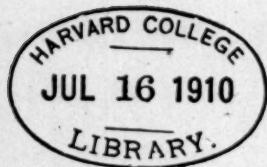
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SILVER OLIVER, Esq.

SIR,

I beg leave to inscribe to you this Dublin Edition of Mr. Gray's Poems. I wish to acknowledge the favour of your putting into my Hands the very beautiful Edition of this Book, printed at Glasgow in 1768, which I had not seen. And the generous solicitude you expressed, for the removal of those reproaches which Ireland has long laboured under for bad printing, leads me to hope, that an Attempt for such a purpose, will be more indulgently viewed by You than by others.

I am, SIR,

Your obliged and
obedient Servant

THOMAS EWING.

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

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P O E M S.

O D E

ON THE SPRING.

I.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs, through the clear blue sky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

II.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink,
With me the Muse shall sit, and think,
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the croud,
How low, how indigent, the proud,
How little are the great.

III.

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

IV.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest;
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust, to rest.

V.

Methinks I hear, in accent low,
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Moralist! and what art thou!
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone----
We frolick, while 'tis May.

O D E
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F
A F A V O U R I T E C A T.

I.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

5

III.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapless nymph, with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

V.

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between;
(Malignant Fate fate by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd;
She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd,
No cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A favourite has no friend.

VII.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize:
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

O D E

7

O N A

DISTANT PROSPECT

O F

ETON-COLLEGE.

ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ, 'ΙΚΑΝΗ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΔΥΣΤΥΧΕΙΝ.
MENANDER.

I.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade:
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's height th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

II.

Ah! happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields, belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

III.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

IV.

While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty;
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

V.

Gay hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sun-shine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
 And lively Chear, of Vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

VI.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey the murderous band!
Ah, show them they are men.

VII.

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth;
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

VIII.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

IX.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen!
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age!

X.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender, for another's pain ;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more----where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

..... ΕΥΜΦΕΡΕΙ
ΣΩΦΡΟΝΕΙΝ ΤΠΟ ΣΤΕΝΟΤ.

AESCHYLUS, IN EUMENID.

I.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

II.

When first thy Sire, to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant-mind.

Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What Sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

III.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good:
Light, they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

IV.

Wisdom, in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft, the sadly-pleasing tear.

V.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon-terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

VI.

Thy form benign, O Goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart;
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact, my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
P O E S Y:

A P I N D A R I C O D E.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ' ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.—

PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE! Aeolian Lyre, awake!
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance, as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,

Headlong impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the fullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance, at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen

On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where-e'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom move,
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,
To cheer the shivering natives' dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly-sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of Tyrant-Power,
And Coward-Vice that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion, next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face : the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
The living throne, the saphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,

He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two courfers of etherial race, [pace.
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more-----
 O Lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion,
 Through the azure deep of air :

Yet oft before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far---but far above the Great.

B A R D :

A P I N D A R I C O D E .

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. I.

‘ RUIN feize thee, ruthless King!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
‘ Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing.
‘ They mock the air with idle state!
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound, with toilsome march, his long array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
To arms! cried Mortimer, & couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose, his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
' O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

- ‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
‘ That hush’d the stormy main :
‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
‘ Modred, whose magic song
‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted raven’s sail ;
‘ The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by.
‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
‘ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
‘ Ye died, amidst your dying country’s cries-----
‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
‘ I see them sit : they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land :
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. I.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
“ The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roofs that ring,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
“ Amazement in his van, with flight combin’d,
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

- “ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
“ No pitying heart, no eye afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.
“ Is the fable warrior fled?
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
“ The swarm, that in thy noon tide beam were born?
“ Gone to salute the rising Morn.
“ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm,
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwinds fway,
“ That, hush’d in grim Repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

- “ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
“ The rich repast prepare,
“ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
“ Close by the regal chair,
“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
“ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
“ Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
“ And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
“ Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
“ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
“ Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
“ And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
“ Above, below, the rose of snow,
“ Twined with her blushing foe we spread ;
“ The bristled boar, in infant-gore,
“ Wallows beneath the thorny shade,
“ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
“ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

- “ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
“ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
“ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
“ (The web is wove. The work is done.”)
‘ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
‘ Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn.
‘ In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
‘ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
‘ Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll?
‘ Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
‘ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
‘ All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s issue, hail!

III. 2.

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
‘ And gorgeous Dames ; and Statesmen old
‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
‘ In the midst, a form divine !
‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear ;
‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

‘ The Verse adorn again
‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
‘ And Truth severe by fairy Fiction drest.
‘ In buskin’d measures move
‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
‘ Fond impious man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me : with joy I see
‘ The different doom our fates assign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s height,
Deep in the roaring tide, he plung’d to endless night.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author once had thoughts, in concert with a friend, of giving A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY: in the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style, that reigned in antient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors. The following three imitations made a part of them.

He has long since drop'd his design; especially after he heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice both by his taste and his researches into antiquity.

T H E
F A T A L S I S T E R S .

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

I N the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney islands, went, with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Sigtryg with the filken beard, who was making war on his father-in-law Brian King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sigtryg was in danger of a total defeat: but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian their King, who fell in the action.

On Christmas-day (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness in Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons, on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them; till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and, as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, gallop'd six to the north, and as many to the south.

T H E
FATAL SISTERS.

VITT ER ORPIT
FYRIR VALFALLI——*

I.

NOW the storm begins to lower :
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)
Iron fleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

II.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

* From the Orcades of Thormodus Torfaeus. Hafniae 1697. Fol.

III.

See the grievly texture grow !
'Tis of human entrails made.
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

IV.

Shafts, for shuttles, dip'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along !
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong !

V.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see !
Join the waiward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

VI.

Ere the ruddy fun be fet,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

VII.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

VIII.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

IX.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
 Spite of danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

X.

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

XI.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound,
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

XII.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

XIII.

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease. The work is done.

XIV.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy, to the victorious bands,
Triumph to the younger King.

EIRIN, i. e. Ireland.

XV.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong !

XVI.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed !
Each her thundering falchion wield,
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field !

THE
DESCENT
OF
ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

UPREIS ODINN

ALLDA GAUTR——*

U**P**ROSE the King of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed.
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.

* From Bartholinus, *De causis contemnendae mortis*. Hafniae 1689. 4to.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues with fruitless yell
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme,
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead:
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain.
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the sons of heaven.

Unwilling I my lips uncloſe.
Leave me, leave me to reſoſe.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetesſ, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate ?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom,
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe.
Leave me, leave me to reſoſe.

ODIN.

Prophetesſ, my ſpell obey,
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt ?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſs'd,
A wond'rous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close.
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air ?
Tell me, whence their sorrows rose.
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou.
King of men, I know thee now ;
Mightiest of a mighty line-----

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

45

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her antient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE
T R I U M P H S
O F
O W E N.*

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELCH.†

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong,
Fairest flower of Rod'rick's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

* Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120.
This battle was fought near 40 years afterwards.

† From Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welch poetry. Lond. 1764. 4to.

‡ North Wales.

Big with hofts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againft him came :
This the force of Eirin * hiding :
Side by fide, as proudly riding,
On her fhadow, long and gay,
Lochlin † plows the watry way.
There the Norman fails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war.
Black and huge along they fweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntlefs on his native fands,
The dragon-son of Mona ftands ;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby-creft.
There the thundering ftrokes begin ;
There the prefs, and there the din ;
Talymalfra's rocky fhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thoufand banners round him burn.

* Ireland.

† Denmark.

Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there ;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower
Molest her antient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
Along the cool-sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate ;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
' His little length at noon-tide would he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
‘ Muttering his waiward fancies he would rove ;
‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
‘ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
‘ Slow through the church-way path we saw him born.
‘ Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
‘ Grav’d on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn.

T H E

E P I T A P H.

*Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere ;
Heaven did a Recompence as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a Tear ;
He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a Friend.*

*No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.*

O D E

PERFORMED AT

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1, 1769,

AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE

DUKE OF GRAFTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

A I R.

HENCE! avaunt! 'tis holy ground,
Comus, and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry prophane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
Let painted flatt'ry hide her serpent train in flow'rs.

CHORUS.

Nor envy base, nor creeping gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd science watches round :
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay !
There sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom genius gave to shine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

A I R.

“ Ye brown o’er-arching groves
“ That contemplation loves,
“ Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !
“ Oft at the blush of dawn
“ I trod your level lawn,
“ Oft woo’d the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright,
“ In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
“ With freedom by my side, and soft-ey’d melancholy.”

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go :
Great Edward with the lillies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou’s heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder’d saint, and the majestic lord

ODE AT CAMBRIDGE.

That broke the bonds of Rome :
Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity that glows beyond the tomb :
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

QUARTETTO.

What is grandeur, what is pow'r ?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain ?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
The bees collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall---but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

RECITATIVE.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!
Welcome, my noble son, she cries aloud,
To this, thy kindred train, and me :
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

AIR.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heav'ns altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head :
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
She reveres herself and thee.

With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest'd above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.



NOTES

B Y

THE AUTHOR,

Now first published at the desire of Readers, who thought the PROGRESS of
POESY, and the WELCH BARDS needed illustration.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

- STANZA II. ♪ 4. ——— a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine———
Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's Dream.
- III. ♪ 7. Nare per aestatem liquidam——— Virgil. Georgic. lib. iv.
ibid. ♪ 10. ———sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats drop'd with gold.
Milton's Parad. Lost. B. vii.
- IV. ♪ 1. While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. Green in the Grotto.
Doddsley's Miscell. vol. v. p. 161.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON-COLLEGE.

- STANZA I. ♪ 4. King Henry VI. founder of the College.
II. ♪ 9. And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fab. on the Pythagorean philosophy, from Ovid.
- VIII. ♪ 9. And Madnefs laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

- STANZA I. I. ♪ 1. Awake my glory, awake, lute and harp. Psalms.
Pindar stiles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments,
Αἰολικὴ μέλη, Αἰολικὴ χορδαί, Αἰολικὴ πνευμὰ αἰολαῖ,
Aeolian song, Aeolian strings, the breath of the Aeolian flute.
- The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united: the various sources of Poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress, enriching every subject, otherwise dry and barren, with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

STANZA I. 2.

Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul.
The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

I. 3.

8. This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.
Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

11. Μαγνητὸς δὴ το ποδῶν δαυμάτι δι θυμῷ. Hom. Odyss. 6.

17. Δάμπετ δ' ἐπὶ προσφύγεσσι

II. 1.

Παρίησι φῶς ἔσπετο ——— Phrynicius apud Athenaeum.
To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence, that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

11. Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar. Cowley.

II. 2.

Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch fragments, the Lapland and American Songs, etc.

II. 2.

1. Extra anni solisque vias ——— Virgil.

Tutta lontana dal camin del sole ——— Petrarch. Canz. 3. 2.

II. 3.

Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spencer imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

III. 1.

Shakespear.

III. 2.

Milton.

4. ——— flammantia moenia mundi. Lucret.

5. For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—and above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone——this was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel I. 20, 26, 28.

8. Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμετροι, δίδου δ' ἡδύων ἀοιδῆν. Hom. Odyss.

11. Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

12. Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Job.

III. 3.

4. Words that weep, and tears that speak. Cowley.

5. We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Maſon indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus,

Hark! heard you not yon footstep dread? &c.

9. Διδὸς ὠρεῖς ἔρηχα θύων. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens, that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

T H E B A R D.

- STANZA I. 1. ♪ 4. Mocking the air with colours idly spread. Shakesp. K. John.
 ♪ 5. The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or links interwoven,
 forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself
 to all its motions.
 ♪ 9. The crested adder's pride. Dryden's Indian Queen.
 ♪ 11. *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract,
 which the Welch themselves call *Craigian-Eryri*: it included all the
 highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the
 river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle built there by
 K. Edward the first, says, *Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis*
 Eryri; and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283) apud Aber-
 conway, *ad pedes montis Snowdoniae fecit erigi castrum forte*.
 ♪ 13, 14. Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hert-
 ford, son-in-law to K. Edward. Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of
 Wigmore. They were both *Lords Marchers*, whose lands lay on the
 borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this ex-
 pedition.
- I. 2. ♪ 5. The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, re-
 presenting the supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are
 two of these paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the
 other at Paris.
- I. 3. ♪ 6. Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind. Milton's P. Lost.
 ♪ 7. The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.
 ♪ 10. Camden and others observe, that eagles use annually to build their
 eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence, as many
 think, were named by the Welch, *Craigian-Eryri*, that is, *the Crags of*
 the eagles. At this day, as I am told, the highest point of Snowdon
 is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this
 island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmore-
 land, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Der-
 byshire. See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.
- ♪ 12, 13. As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. Shakesp. Julius Caesar.
- ♪ 19, 20. See the Norwegian ode that follows.
- II. 1. ♪ 6. Edward II. cruelly murdered at Berkley-castle.
 ♪ 9. Isabel of France his adulterous Queen.
 ♪ 11. Triumphs of Edward III. in France.
- II. 2. ♪ 2. Death of that King abandon'd by his children, and even robbed in
 his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.
 ♪ 5. Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.
 ♪ 9. Magnificence of Richard II'd's reign. See Froissard, and other con-
 temporary writers.
- II. 3. ♪ 1. Richard the second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the
 confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham,
 and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his as-
 sassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date.

STANZA II. 3.

- ‡ 7. Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.
- ‡ 11. Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, believed to have been secretly murdered in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.
- ‡ 13. Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. Henry V.
- ‡ 14. Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.
- ‡ 15. The White and Red Roses, devices of the two branches of York and Lancaster.
- ‡ 17. The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

III. 1.

- ‡ 3. Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and in several other places.
- ‡ 13, 14. Accession of the line of Tudor. It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain. Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

III. 2.

- ‡ 7. Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she lion-like
" rising daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port
" and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie
" checkes."
- ‡ 11. Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

III. 3.

- ‡ 2. Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.
- ‡ 4. Shakespear.
- ‡ 7. Milton.
- ‡ 9. The succession of poets after Milton's time.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of Odin or Woden, in the Gothic mythology: their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla* (the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

- ‡ 3. How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy shower—— Milton's Par. Regain'd.
- ‡ 4. The noise of battle hurtled in the air. Shakesp. Julius Caesar.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

- ✧ 4. *Niflheim* was the hell of the Gothic nations, and consisted of nine worlds, to which were consigned all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle : over it presided *Hela* the Goddess of death.
- ✧ 90. *Lok* is the Evil Being who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his confinement ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred Gods shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet in his curious introduction to the history of Denmark. 1755. 4to.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

- ✧ 20. The dragon-son] The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banner.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

- ✧ 1. ——— the knell of parting day,
—————squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore. Dante Purgat. l. 8.
- ✧ 92. Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.]
Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville. Petrarch. Sonn. 169.

E P I T A P H.

- Line penult. (There they alike in trembling hope repose.)]
—————paventosa speme. Petrarch. Sonn. 114.

THE END.